Where now you both a Father and a Sonne,
By your vntimely claſpings with your Child,
(Which pleaſures fittes a husband,not a father)
And ſhee an eater of her Mothers fleſh,
By the defiling of her Parents bed,
And both like Serpents are; who though they feed
On ſweeteſt Flowers,yet they Poyſon breed.
Antioch farewell, for Wiſedome ſees thoſe men,
Bluſh not in actions blacker then the night,
Will ſhew no courſe to keepe them from the light:
One ſinne(I know)another doth prouoke;
Murther's as neere to Luſt,as Flame to Smoake:
Poyſon and Treaſon are the hands of Sinne,
I, and the targets to put off the ſhame,
Then leaſt my life be cropt,to keepe you cleare,
By flight,Ile ſhun the danger which I feare. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. He hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to haue his head:
He muſt not liue to trumpet foorth my infamie,
Nor tell the world *Antiochus* doth ſinne
In ſuch a loathed manner:
And therefore inſtantly this Prince muſt die,
For by his fall,my honour muſt keepe hie.
Who attends vs there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thali. Doth your highnes call?

Antio. *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber,*Thaliard*,
And our minde pertakes her priuat actions,
To your ſecrecie; and for your faythfulnes,
We will aduaunce you,*Thaliard*:
Behold,heere's Poyſon,and heere's Gold:
Wee hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou muſt kill him;
It fittes thee not to aske the reaſon why?
Becauſe we bid it: ſay,is it done?

Thali. My Lord, tis done.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Anti. Enough. Let your breath coole your ſelfe,tell
your haſte.

Meſſ. My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Antio. As thou wilt liue fle after, and like an arrow ſ
from a well experienſt Archer hits the marke his eye d
leuell at: ſo thou neuer returne vnleſſe thou ſay Prince
ricles is dead.

Thal. My Lord,if I can get him within my Piſt
length, Ile make him ſure enough, ſo farewell to yo
highneſſe.

Thaliard adieu,till *Pericles* be dead,
My heart can lend no ſuccour to my head.

Enter Pericles with his Lords.

Pe. Let none diſturb vs,why ſhold this chãge of thoug
The ſad companion dull eyde melancholie,
By me ſo vſde a gueſt, as not an houre
In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,
The tombe where griefe ſtould ſleepe can breed me qui
Here pleaſures court mine eies,and mine eies ſhun them
And daunger which I fearde is at *Antioch*,
Whoſe arme ſeemes farre too ſhort to hit me here,
Yet neither pleaſures Art can ioy my ſpirits,
Nor yet the others diſtance comfort me,
Then it is thus,the paſſions of the mind,
That haue their firſt conception by miſdread,
Haue after nouriſhment and life,by care
And what was firſt but feare, what might be done,
Growes elder now,and cares it be not done.
And ſo with me the great *Antiochus*,
Gainſt whom I am too little to contend,
Since hee's ſo great,can make his will his act,
Will thinke me ſpeaking,though I ſweare to ſilence,
Nor bootes it me to ſay, I honour,
If he ſuſpect I may diſhonour him.